

Bad Movies and Purple Hickeys

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Bad Movies and Purple Hickeys

by [dreamnotfound](#)

Summary

Everything is cold, there are no good movies, and Dream just can't seem to peel his eyes away from George.

Notes

first request is done!!
hope y'all like it
it's rated mature because it's still somewhat detailed, I guess.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It's way too cold in George's house.

They're sitting on a sofa, each at one end, keeping a respectable distance.

Dream has a blanket slung over him, even though it doesn't make him feel any warmer. The movie that's playing on the tv is set in summer, and it makes Dream crave warmth like nothing else.

George on the other hand seemed perfectly fine, slumped back into the couch with a simple tee and sweatpants that were just a little too tight to be comfortable.

The movie kept playing and playing, Dream wasn't paying the slightest bit of attention to it, and it felt like a hundred years have passed when the end credits roll in.

"That was one of the shittiest movies I've ever seen." George looked at the tv with distaste and went back to scroll through Netflix.

He wanted a good movie to end the night on.

Dream just laughs as George scrolls through the catalog, repeating "no, no, no,-" for every movie he cares enough about to read the summary for.

A few more 'no's' later he lands on some sort of coming of age movie. Dream rolls his eyes and grunts.

"Hey! It's not my fault you've seen every other movie in existence. Pick your battles."

The taller one of the two just groans again and lets his head fall back.

Dream doesn't usually fall asleep during movies, but this one made him so tired.

There wasn't anything happening.

If he hears this girl fight with her parents about basic ground rules he's going to lose it.

Instead of taking his pent up frustrations out on yet another bad movie, he lets his head fall back and makes himself focus on the laughs or small reactions George makes.

George wasn't a very quiet movie watcher, Dream has gathered. He was a lot more chatty the first few movies, but his drowsiness must be creeping up on him too.

Dream scoots closer to George, needing some sort of warmth that the blanket has long given up on giving him. He just sits next to George, who doesn't even question the sudden move.

'Should've done this a lot sooner,' he thought. 'he smells nice.'

George's presence is comforting. The way his head leans on Dream's shoulder right now, gets him blushing in all the right ways.

The scoffs George lets out whenever a cheesy line is said, gives Dream the idea to make a list of cheesy pick up lines just so he could see George try to hide his smile by trying to look bored.

Dream's heart is slowly getting crushed though, as the main character finally confesses to her crush. The movie seems to be mocking him.

Dream asks George to turn it off.

"Why?" George asks him, his voice dripping with worry.

"I'm just really tired and want to sleep." That was an obvious lie, whenever Dream was tired he'd start to slur his words.

George didn't fall for it either, but turned the movie off anyway.

"Are you really that cold? Why do you have to be so close-"

Dream shrugs and moves away a bit.

"I didn't say I didn't like it though."

George pulls Dream back, even closer this time.

They're just sitting there, next to each other, in not so comfortable silence.

Dream and George both try to strike up a conversation at the same time, and they laugh.

Dream can't stop looking at George while they try to calm down, and George can't seem to look away either.

It's painfully sweet.

Once the laughter dies down, none of the boys can disconnect their gaze from the other.

Dream is staring into George's eyes, slowly bringing his hand up to cup the side of his face. His thumb caresses George's cheek with up and down motions. He's trying to stop himself from bringing his other hand up and pull his neck towards his own and closing the gap, before George does so instead.

It's so much better than Dream has ever imagined. George wasn't a bad kisser, not at all. He was stroking the back of Dream's neck like Dream had previously done to the side of his face, and the hairs on Dream's neck started to rise.

Dream started to deepen the kiss, slowly doing this thing with his chin George doesn't quite understand. But he likes it nonetheless, like he likes all of Dream's other unexplainable quirks.

Dream's free hand makes its way into George's hair, massaging his scalp and tugging at a bit of hair every now and then to get a reaction out of George.

At a certain pull George's mouth opens to moan, which Dream takes as an opportunity to slip his tongue in.

George doesn't decline or back down. He goes with it.

Tongues exploring each other's mouth, mapping it as if they would have to be drawing a memory picture of it later.

George is nowhere near as quiet like he was with the movies, the noises he keeps making are riling Dream up even more.

They pull away to breathe and George positions himself on top of Dream's lap.

Dream doesn't hesitate to attack George's neck, biting softly and leaving a trail of hickeys across his skin.

When he reaches George's collarbone (which was just visible from the shirt he was wearing, Dream wanted to leave a mark there from the second he saw George come out of the bathroom with that on) George lets out a particular string of sounds escape.

Dream then moves onto the other side of George's neck, starting to mark him up there too.

It feels so good to watch George's chest heave with every new mark.

George pulls Dream's face off his neck, moving it up to his lips again.

Dream blushes, finally being snapped out of his daze and starts leaving soft kisses all across George's face. His cheeks, his forehead, on his nose, the corners of his mouth and finally he kisses him on the mouth properly again.

The kiss deepens again, and George puts his arms around Dream's neck instead of his waist and pulls him closer than before.

A few moments after their tongues twist around each other again for a while before they part to breathe again.

Dream looks at his handiwork on George's neck and kisses every one of the marks he left, proud of himself.

Both of them are exhausted and shuffle into a more comfortable position on the couch and pass out.

Dream doesn't want to, but his lips are sore and he wouldn't want to fall asleep during kissing the life out of George.

He will still have tomorrow to do so.

Dream holds George protectively in his sleep and wakes up incredibly sweaty from the aftermath of yesterday and of the sleeping body on top of him.

Safe to say Dream wasn't as cold anymore.

End Notes

don't forget to comment and leave some kudos, it makes my day and I read every single comment and try to reply! <3 suggestions are still welcome!

to Xin: I'm hope this is what you had in mind,,

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!